

MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII.

JANUARY, 1914

No. 11

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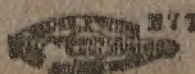
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Vol. III

JANUARY, 1913

No. 11

BACK OF THE ROD

BY WARREN M'CULLOCH

Back of the rod, mightier than it, stands our—
obduracy, our obdurate courage, and back of all we
find our ataraxy, i. e., imperturbability, intrepidity, our
counter force, our odds of strength, our invincibility.

MAX STIRNER—"A Human Life."

*I am weary of practical people;
Fain would I thrust away
The bonds of petty precedent
And be myself for one day.*

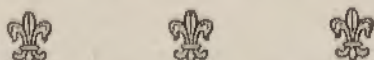
*When I felt the first Cosmic urging
To seek through a world of my own,
I was hampered by practical people
Till I walked the earth alone.*

*Alone—But the prattle of custom—
That fetter of social mire—
Miraged a hideous demon
Instead of a tongue of fire.*

*Why should I be scourged to the trodden,
O'er the plains of practical things
When I know that only out yonder
Can the best in me find free wing?*

*Then judge me not; for your judging
But reveals your cauldron's cloy,
And leaves me the joy of the scathless
Whom the vandals failed to destroy.*

*For the free-born soul of an anarch
Can mingle with none but its own;
According the same to all others—
To harvest our fields self-sown.*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

EXPLOITATION of child labor, it would seem, is the modern shingle of a progressive civilization. The United States, according to statistical figures, employs more children in stores, factories, and mines than any other "civilized" nation. Benighted savage races know nothing, of course, of minting the blood and flesh of their young into industrial glory. But the United States is the greatest commercial and industrial country of the modern world.

Our humanists and reformers realize that it is not exactly beneficial for humanity that the little ones should be made to turn the wheels of industry. They know that early work is an inexcusable injury to the child, and they quote statistics to show that children are permanently wrecked by premature employment. And then they straightway pass a law to stop child labor on clothing in tenements, and at the next investigation the National Child Labor Committee reports that they "found a woman with several children living in a tenement room, all just recovering from scarlet fever, with the fever at the peeling stage. They were all engaged in sorting out beans!"

The law worked so ingenuously that, while fever-infected persons could not make clothes for our backs, they could work on the beans that we eat.

And when, after years of great effort and expense, new legislation is passed prohibiting all food work in tenements, a babe three years old is found by the Child Labor Inspector, seated at a table with several other children and their mother, making artificial forget-me-nots.

For notwithstanding all laws for their "protection," the little children of the poor have mouths and stomachs that demand food—and the wages of the father working twelve hours in the factory are not sufficient to supply the barest necessities.

The good reformers go on tinkering with the law, and never give a thought to the deeper causes that force overworked and underpaid parents to turn their little children into cogs of our industrial machinery.

* * *

IF the "protocols of agreement" between the cloak-makers and the manufacturers will be abrogated, as a result of the determined stand of Dr. Isaac A. Hourwich, chief clerk of the union, it will be a very salutary thing for the workers in the cloak and suit, as well as in the whole garment industry.

In the first place, the protocol is the machination of the employers, aided by some labor politicians, to whom "peace in the industry" is more important than the well-being of the cloakmakers. The protocol is a conspiracy to strangle the independence and initiative of the workers, to eliminate strikes, to continue undisturbed the profits of the bosses, and to reduce the workers to mere dues-paying sheep for the benefit of the high-salaried union officials.

Dr. Hourwich, evidently a sincere and determined man, has sought, as representative of the union, to gain what benefit he could for the workers from the provisions of the protocol. His insistent and uncompromising attitude is a thorn in the flesh of the manufacturers, who therefore demand his resignation. The bosses have no use for an honest, incorruptible labor leader. Naturally. But what can be more shameful and outrageous than that the officials of the Ladies Garment Workers, together with Gompers and Mitchell, side with the manufacturers, as against the cloakmakers' union, in demanding the withdrawal of Hourwich, in spite of the fact that he has been re-elected by a referendum vote of the union.

Without going into details regarding the underhand work to oust Hourwich on the part of certain labor politicians, themselves eager for the job of chief clerk in the cloakmakers' union, and the arrogant attitude of

Louis Brandeis, of the Board of Arbitration, we may say that the Hourwich controversy has proved at least two things: the utter servility of the Gomperses, the Mitchells, and the labor fakirs of the garment trade; and, on the other hand, the growing consciousness on the part of the rank and file of the cloakworkers that they are being betrayed by the union officials who are so much favored by the masters.

If the happenings in the cloakmakers' union will serve to convince the workers that agreements with the bosses are a delusion and a snare for the proletariat, much good will have been accomplished by the present controversy.

* * *

IT may seem a long cry from the Hourwich incident in the Cloakmakers' Union of New York to the Labor Congress recently assembled in London to discuss the question of a sympathetic strike in support of the Dublin strikers. But the comparison is by no means out of place. The crafty politicians in the labor movement are the gravest menace to the workers, be they among the New York cloakmakers or in the trade unions of Great Britain.

Here as there the Gomperses and the Ben Tilletts, while professedly serving labor, in reality are its worst enemies and the heaviest handicaps on the back of the proletariat. In the cloakmaker controversy Gompers, Mitchell *et al.* are on the side of the bosses as against the true interests of the union. In the Labor Congress of London, the leaders of the British unions side with the masters as against Larkin and the rebellious Dublin strikers.

Everywhere the labor politicians join the capitalistic chorus of "Peace, peace, at any cost to labor." The peace that means the undisturbed continuation of exploitation and oppression; the peace that spells misery, degradation and untold outrage upon labor; the peace of Warsaw, so much yearned for by all vampires on the body of the proletariat.

The resolution of the London Trade Union Congress against Larkin's proposed sympathetic strike in support of the Dublin workers, is a heavy blow to the cause of labor and proletarian solidarity. Once more the leaders

have betrayed the trust of the people. But this very betrayal will serve to enlighten the men in factory and mine, and teach them the most important of all lessons: that the cause of the workers cannot be delegated even to the labor leaders, but that the emancipation of the proletariat, and every step on the way toward it, must be fought for and won by the workers themselves.

* * *

IT is three years this January month, since Denjiro Kotoku and his comrades were murdered by the government of Japan.

The "new" Japan, civilized after the model of the capitalistic Occident, has followed the infamous practice of the latter in trying to stifle the voice of discontent by means of the sword and the hangman. But in vain. The Mikado is learning, as the Tsars, Kaisers, and Kings had to learn before him, that the blood of the martyrs ever waters the tree of liberty, and that Mikado carcasses are good manure for the growth of a free people.

Uneasy is the sleep of the Mikado. For at his very door an almighty brother-monarch has been swept off his heaven-given throne by the revolutionary storm, the echo of which sounds ominously in the Mikado's own realm.

From beneath the glittering palace rises the rumbling of the disinherited masses of Japan. Their quick ear has caught the inspiring strains of international solidarity, and they gather the lightning that will avenge their own long misery and the martyrdom of the pioneers of Anarchism in the land of the Mikado.

* * *

THE fear and helplessness of the State in the face of a determined attitude on the part of the people is well demonstrated by the case of Augusto Masetti and in his treatment by the Italian government.

Masetti, having served three years in the Italian army, returned to his native city, married and, in due course, became the father of a child. Almost incapacitated by his army experience for the ordinary walks of life, he had a toilsome road to travel in the effort to provide for himself and family. But when he had at last suc-

ceeded in securing means of existence, the government drafted him back into service for the Moroccan War.

But life in the army and the anti-militarist propaganda of our Italian comrades had made a different man of Masetti. He had become an enlightened revolutionary workingman, conscious of his solidarity with the oppressed the world over, be they Italians or Moroccans.

He was forcibly drafted for the war. But on the eve of his regiment's departure for the scene of hostilities, as the colonel was haranguing the soldiers on their "duty" to kill their fellow-men, Masetti discharged his gun into the body of the colonel.

This protest of Masetti against the murderous royal game of war deserved, in the eyes of the authorities, instant court-martial and death. But anti-militarist sentiment ran high in Italy, and the government feared to execute our brave comrade. Besides, it would be bad policy on the part of the authorities even to admit the possibility of a soldier turning his weapon against his superior officer. The very suggestion is fraught with a terrible menace to the whole system of militarism, the very cornerstone of capitalistic civilization.

The government was at a loss. It tried to hide the occurrence in much secrecy, but the facts having leaked out, the government finally resorted to the infamous expedient of declaring Masetti insane.

Thus the Italian government temporarily sneaked out of its dilemma. They incarcerated Masetti in an insane asylum. But the beast of authority was not satisfied without a taste of the blood of our comrade. Now, almost two years after the incident, Masetti has been declared sane and thrown into prison—evidently a preliminary step before slaughtering him, openly or in secret.

Masetti shall not be sacrificed to the bloody Moloch of militarism. If he was insane at the time of his act, as the Italian government declared, he cannot—even under Italian laws—be held responsible after he has recovered his reason. As a matter of fact, Augusto Masetti was perfectly sane then as now. But as the government did not dare to demand his life at the time, his comrades in Italy and other countries are determined not to permit his life to be sacrificed now. A strong movement has

been started in Italy, and a similar movement is about to be inaugurated in this and other countries, to wrest the intended victim from the jaws of the Italian government athirst for the blood of our brave comrade.

* * *

THE State Constabulary of Pennsylvania have performed such efficient service in shooting down strikers and generally terrorizing the workers, that the Chamber of Commerce has made the suggestion that a similar force of Cossacks be organized for the State of New York.

Evidently the plutocrats begin to see the writing on the wall, and hasten to prepare themselves for coming events. The *N. Y. Times*, a frankly reactionary sheet, makes no bones of the matter. "For the quelling of strike riots, especially," it says editorially, "the need of a State Constabulary is obvious."

Indeed, it is. Only it is to be hoped that the workers may as readily come to see the equal obviousness of *their* need of similar means of defense.

* * *

THE lady on the cover of the January issue of the *International Magazine* having left her bath without respectable precaution against catching cold in the mid-July sun, the Post Office held up the number till some fig leaf may be tailored for the shameless hussy.

Whereupon Editor Viereck—according to his own modest confession, the American Oscar Wilde—is perhaps—outraged at the Comstockian censorship of art? Oh, no. Viereck shouts, "There are others, more criminal than I!" and he points at "Anarchistic publications that are received by the Post Office in spite of incendiary articles against the rulers, in which assassinations are called 'executions'".

Good for you, Georgette. It is quite becoming to the self-advertised offspring of a "pure-blooded" Hohenzollern, to constitute himself a *provocateur*, for the safety of the crowned rulers who will no doubt know how to appreciate the delicate service. They may even subsidize a paper, in which the noble editor may glorify lickspittledom in two languages.

SELF-DEFENSE FOR LABOR

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

IF the workers of America were sufficiently developed mentally and conscious of the spirit of solidarity, the events of the last few months would compel them to go on a general strike or use more effective means of self-defense against their masters.

From North to South, from East to West the country re-echoes with the numberless brutalities and cold-blooded outrages perpetrated against labor, which must well nigh tax the patience of the most timid, let alone those who still have warm blood in their veins.

Yet, all that is being done in reply to the daily crimes committed by the parasitic class and its State and municipal hirelings, the authorities, is—investigations, everlasting investigations. The latter only tend to distract the attention of the people from the real issue, which is that the workers in this country are absolutely at the mercy of their masters.

We have barely caught our breath after the horrors enacted in West Virginia, when the news comes of the brutalities in the hop fields of Wheatland, Calif., in the mines in Trinidad, Colorado, and Calumet, Michigan. In all these places the police, the militia, and armed gangs of citizen thugs are carrying on a reign of terror that would put to shame the Black Hundreds of Russia. In Wheatland, numbers of hop-pickers have been massacred and many more wounded; in Colorado Moyer is foully attacked, shot in the back and driven out of town, and Mother Jones is forcibly deported from Trinidad; not to mention the other outrages perpetrated against the strikers in Michigan and Colorado.

Yet, not a voice is raised in protest. The law winks its eye, and not a single thug is apprehended or punished. On the contrary, it is the strikers who are dragged before the bar of justice. On the 12th of this month four workers will have to stand trial in Marysville, California, for the riot caused by the police. During the strike at the Durst hop ranch, at Wheatland, 23,000 hop-pickers who came in response to a "want ad," found themselves confronted with conditions suited only for cattle. They were placed in quarters unfit for habitation and com-

pelled by the hired slave-drivers to keep at work without rest and without proper food to sustain their exhausted energies. Not even water was provided, and as the heat was terrific, these peons were forced to buy lemonade (five cents per glass) from a member of the Durst family. Unable to bear things any longer, the men sent to Durst a delegate, who was brutally assaulted and beaten up. Then the men struck. Immediately the local authorities made common cause with the slave-owners. They were also aided by the Burns' detectives and the Citizens' Alliance, and finally by the National Guard, under the command of Adjutant General Forbes. This legal outfit broke into a meeting of strikers and opened fire without the least provocation, killing two workers and wounding a great many others, among them District Attorney Manwell and Deputy Sheriff Beardon, who later died. Since then a number of hop pickers have been kept in jail and subjected to every torture known to the "third degree." One of the men was kept fourteen days without sleep in order to force from him a confession. As the result of this treatment one of the victims attempted suicide, while another, who had lost his arm in the police riot, found the tortures so unbearable that he hanged himself. All this happened, not on the rubber plantations of the far Congo, but in our own free America.

This treatment of labor is no longer an exception. It has become the rule all over the country. Similar horrors have been going on in Michigan and Colorado till they have now reached the climax where brutal assaults and forcible deportation are the order of the day. One of the latest victims is Mother Jones, regarding whose deportation General Chase gave out the following statement:

Mrs. Jones was met at the train this morning by the military escort acting under instructions not to permit her to remain in this district. The detail took charge of Mrs. Jones and her baggage, and she was accompanied out of the district under guard after she had been given breakfast. The step was taken in accordance with my instructions to preserve peace in the district. The presence of Mother Jones here at this time cannot be tolerated. She had planned to go to the Ludlow tent colony of strikers to stop the desertion of union members. If she returns she will be placed in jail and held incommunicado.

The presence of Mother Jones must have indeed been dangerous to the masters of General Chase, since he so obligingly disposed of her. Just as the presence of Moyer seems to have been very unpleasant to the mine-owners of Calumet. Having resorted to the club and all-around terrorism to break the spirit of the Calumet strikers, and having failed of their purpose, the mine barons planned the deportation of Moyer and carried it out with that brutality which only law-abiding citizens are capable of. It is to be hoped that Moyer, who is one of the most peaceful and conservative leaders in the Western Federation of Miners, will now realize that the mailed fist of the law is raised, not only against Anarchists and I. W. W. men, but also against the respectable element in the labor movement if they dare assert their rights.

But whether the criminal assault upon the President of the Western Federation of Miners will prove a lesson to him or not, surely the workers of Calumet and of the rest of the country cannot much longer remain in ignorance as to the real condition of affairs. They can no longer hope for protection from the government—no, not even from the federal authorities since they, too, serve only King Mammon. Neither have they anything to expect from the good will of the public. If nothing else, then reasons of sheer self-defense would justify the workers to arm themselves for their own protection and that of their families against the outrages practiced upon them.

At a negro meeting in Washington, D. C., Rev. I. N. Ross called upon his hearers to fight for their political, social and industrial rights. "To prepare for war in times of peace is the policy of this nation," he argued. "It should be your policy, if you wish to free yourself from the oppression and break the fetters of this era of new slavery."

It is not often that an Anarchist can agree with a Christian gentleman; but I heartily concur in this case, except that I feel that it is not only the negro who must learn to fight against the oppression, the fetters of the era of the new slavery, but also the white man, the workers at large. They owe it to themselves, to the cause of

labor, and above all to their own self-respect and dignity that they should no longer submit meekly to the indignity, injustice and crimes heaped upon them.



GAGGING FREE SPEECH

BY JOHN DAVENPORT

IN a country where the soldier's gun and the policeman's club reign supreme, it is well nigh childish to talk of free speech. But since the average citizen clings to the belief that he enjoys the right of free speech and assembly, it is necessary to report the recent outrage on free speech in Paterson and Philadelphia.

On December 16 Emma Goldman visited Paterson to deliver a lecture on "The Spirit of Anarchism in the Labor Struggle." At the entrance of the hall she was met by a gang of detectives, who informed her that she would first have to see the Chief before she would be allowed to speak. She did see the Chief, and she was told by him that as an "avowed Anarchist" and an "undesirable," she could not speak in Paterson. When she insisted on speaking, she was dragged out of the hall by force and told by the Captain of Police that he "would take her by the throat and throw her down the steps."

However, the stupidity of the Police in stopping Emma Goldman in Paterson was not half as dense as their action in letting Alexander Berkman speak, while the six detectives watched her lest she be spirited back to the platform.

Thus for a whole hour the police and detectives were forced to listen to a most inspired and revolutionary speech, the guardians of the peace too ignorant to grasp the fact that they were defeating themselves.

A similar occurrence took place in Philadelphia, on Sunday, January 4. After Emma Goldman had been brutally gagged in that city in 1909, and the gagging sustained by the courts, the Radical Library arranged a lecture by her at the Labor Temple. She was to speak on "The Awakening of Labor," a dangerous subject indeed.

At 7:30 p. m., before Emma Goldman reached the hall, the police swooped down upon the audience, driving everybody out into the street and locking the doors, al-

though the hall had been rented and paid for by the Radical Library. But the Police of Philadelphia surpassed even their Paterson colleagues in stupidity, else they should have known that breaking up the Labor Temple meeting would not prevent the lecture being held at the headquarters of the Radical Library, where the outraged audience found their way to listen to the scheduled address.

But the liberal element of Philadelphia will not rest content with having thus gotten the best of the police on that occasion. They are determined to inaugurate at once a free speech campaign, as has been done in Paterson, in order to establish the right of speaking in Philadelphia without police interference.

On Monday, January 5, a large free speech protest meeting was held at Paterson, with Bolton Hall, Leonard D. Abbott, Gilbert E. Roe, Grace Potter, Lincoln Steffens, G. O'Brien, Emma Goldman, Dr. Ben L. Reitman, Alexander Berkman, and other members of the Free Speech League as speakers. Whether it was due to the change in the Paterson administration, or to the auspices of the Free Speech League, at any rate the meeting took place, proving one of the largest and most enthusiastic held in the city of Paterson in a long time. Similar tactics must be followed with regard to Philadelphia; and even should the effort fail in that benighted city, those who really love liberty will be able to feel that, after all, it is the struggle for, rather than the attainment of, liberty that is really worth while.



LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS.

(One of the addresses delivered at the Paterson Free Speech Protest Meeting, January 5, 1914.)

A MUCKRAKER, you know, has very little to do with the truth. His business is with facts. I used to go around this country hunting facts, with the belief in my head that we had liberty in the United States, freedom of speech. And I went around also with a certain respect for law. I have lost all those ideas.

I muckraked New Jersey once, and having muckraked New Jersey I can tell you why you haven't got free speech in Paterson. Your government is crooked. Now, I am not giving news now. When I was investigating New Jersey, I found that you were divided, you the people of New Jersey, in your adherence to two crooked old parties, and that both those parties represented business. And because you were convenient to New York, big business in New York came over here and used your legislature as a house of prostitution. They came over here, and they got the grants and the laws under which they organized the trusts. So you have helped to spew your corruption all over the United States, you the people of New Jersey.

And now you have had reform. Now you don't represent crooked business any more, do you? You represent something far more dangerous. You represent good business. That's what your government represents. It does not represent the people of this city or the people of this State. It represents the employing class of this State. And so, of course, your police represent the employing class, and they don't represent you. Now, you have bawled them out to-night here every time they have been mentioned. Your police are as innocent as we are. They can't represent you until you represent yourselves.

Now, what's going on in the country? I have quit politics. I don't muckrake politics any more. Why? Because I know that the political problem is not a political problem at all. It's an economic problem. It's an industrial problem. And the workers of the world have got to solve it. We reformers can't. And so we have simply got to wait until you do the job. And we are waiting, and I think we are going to wait a long while.

Now, you have heard something about the history of the United States to-night, as well as about our laws. Let me tell you we have never had liberty and free speech in the United States. We have had talks about liberty, just as you are having to-night. When I was down in California, at the time they were having a free speech fight in San Diego, I met a couple of the I. W. W.'s in Los Angeles that had just come from San Diego, and they turned to me and they said, "Aren't you a member of the Free Speech League?" I said yes. "Well," they said,

"you aren't doing anything about free speech. We are the boys that are going to get free speech." And they were right. The workers, the lower-class workers I mean, and the foreigners—largely the foreigners—have got to be depended on, I believe, to establish liberty and free speech in the United States. You see, *we've* got it. I've got it. You haven't got it. Emma Goldman has not got it. One of the reasons Emma Goldman has not got it is because they understand her.

Well, my time is almost up. Just a few words more. When I went to Lawrence I had my eyes opened about foreigners. I take my hat off to them. I saw a strike there. The strike that preceded your strike. An absolutely necessary strike, just as this was. Let your mayor or let your governor or let anybody on the other side tell me how is labor to get higher wages if it doesn't strike?

Can you go to the police and have the employers clubbed? Are there any laws, are there any functions of government that will help labor? Of course not. Because the government does not represent labor. And it never will until you make it. And if I can say anything worth while to-night I would like to say that I wish you foreigners would hold up your heads and make your fight for American principles, because we want them so much, we Americans. And you fight well when you fight. That's what I got at Lawrence. There were seventeen nationalities at Lawrence that never spoke one to the other until that strike came on, and then a lot of demagogues like Bill Haywood went up there and said something to them that made them merge like one man. I wish I knew what that word was. I would pronounce it to-night. But when those foreigners merged and struck for industrial liberty and industrial power—which you must have before you will get higher wages—there were scabs developed to break up that strike. Not a single scab was produced by the foreign-speaking nationalities on strike in Lawrence. All the scabs were either Americans, Englishmen or Irishmen—all American-speaking Americans.

I think—if you could only be convinced of it—I think that you are a better people than we are. If you are not, this country will go to hell.

BLOODY SUNDAY AND AFTER

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ON a Sunday morning, in January, 1905, there was enacted in St. Pettersburg, before the palace of the Tsar, that monstrous crime against the Russian people, which has since gone down into history under the name of BLOODY SUNDAY.

That Sunday belongs to the days never to be erased from the memory of man. It is the terrible memento to those diplomatic advisors of the people, who would wrest the murderous sword from the hand of tyranny by means of peaceful argument and persuasion. That Sunday in January proved a terrible fiasco for the advocates of "passive resistance," and it must have been one of the most harrowing experiences in the life of Leo Tolstoy, who had persistently preached the gospel of peace.

A parade of the people, unarmed and inoffensive, intending to lay before the Tsar a petition, wends its way toward the palace—a peaceful demonstration. And to this meek petition, to this hopeful faith so touching in its nativity, the Tsar replied with bayonet and cannon that massacred thousands of the peaceful petitioners and gushed out innocent blood upon the pavements of the city.

Without arms, without suspicion, the faithful subjects gathered before the palace of the Little Father, and the Tsar Beast took advantage of the opportunity to create a blood-bath, to serve as a terrorizing example to the starving and the disinherited.

Whenever in the future the people awaken, and advice be given them to use peaceful methods toward their exploiters and masters, may Bloody Sunday serve as a lesson and a warning.

The Tsar drank his fill of the blood of his subjects, and he has continued the orgy ever since. Like the dope fiend, bereft of the last spark of vitality without his accustomed stimulant, so the government of Russia keeps itself alive on the blood and torture of its unfortunate people. Incidentally, it plays with the aid of the Duma its parliamentary "Beggar Opera," that serves to make its crime even more subtle and savage.

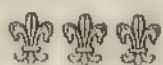
In an appeal for the political prisoners of Russia, recently published in the European press and signed by five hundred prominent people of various countries, the terrible reaction in Russia is portrayed in a striking manner. We quote:

"Since the proclamation of the 'constitutional liberties,' in October, 1905, over 40,000 persons have been sentenced for political offences. Of this number more than 3,000 were executed and 10,000 doomed to the death-houses of Katorga. The majority of the convictions took place per field court martial. The recent amnesty on the occasion of the anniversary of the House of Romanoff took practically no account of the political prisoners. The terrible misery of their lives has in no way been alleviated. A prison sentence under present conditions in Russia means unspeakable torture; it means underfeeding to the point of literal starvation; over-crowding of the prisons till there is no sleeping room even on the filthy cell floors. Ten kopeks (less than five cents) are allowed by the government for the support of a prisoner, but the greater part of the sum is stolen by grafting officials and guards. The unfortunate prisoners, half-starved and sick, are left without medical attendance and are exposed to epidemics raging in most of the prisons. Scurvy, typhoid, and consumption decimate their numbers at a terrific rate. In many prisons the yearly death rate reaches twelve per cent. The prisons are becoming sources of contagion for the surrounding districts, and prisoners with long sentences—as are most of the political—are practically doomed to slow death. The treatment of the politicals is beyond description. The torture of those held for preliminary examination, the whipping of men and women, and personal attacks by the prison guards, are facts that have been fully established during the trials; they are every year discussed in the Duma. A veritable suicide epidemic has broken out among the politicals. These unfortunates find their only escape from the tortures in self-destruction, many of them with the hope of calling public notice to the terrible conditions and thus helping their surviving fellow-sufferers.

Shockingly tragic is the fate of the numberless politi-

cal exiles, the majority of whom have been sent to Siberia by administrative process, without trial or hearing, and left to the mercy of the local authorities, mostly in the frozen parts of that country. Without means to procure the most necessary means of subsistence, without adequate clothing or housing, their sentence is equivalent to death by exposure and starvation. The revelations of George Kennan, some years ago, concerning conditions in Russian and Siberian prisons have startled the civilized world, but the conditions prevalent in those prisons to-day are even worse than those described by Kennan. To-day, as then, it is not a question of exclusively Russian internal affairs. The barbarous conditions call loudly to the conscience of every civilized country, regardless of political form or belief."

Thus the appeal. It proves again the truth of the exposures made from time to time by revolutionary papers about the White Terror practiced by the "Constitutional" Russian government. But we fear that there is not much to be hoped from the "conscience of civilized countries." It is either dead or so calloused as not to be pierced by any appeal. The hope of the tortured men and women in Russian prisons and exile is rather in the solidarity and comradeship of the social revolutionists the world over, and in the assurance that such bloody pressure cannot much longer be borne by the people of Russia; that the industrial and agrarian proletariat of long-suffering Russia will soon again awaken, to renew a more determined struggle with tyranny, and forever put an end to the bloody Russian regime.



ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

SHARING WITH THE THIEF

BY HARRY FISHER

FROM the fuss the press has raised over the Ford plan of sharing profits with the employes, one might be led to the conclusion that the scheme is a perfectly unheard of, novel departure in modern industry. But that is not at all the case. Profit-sharing on the part of employers with their employes has been tried, time and again, by large and small concerns in various countries, notably in Belgium, France and Germany, not to mention England, the mother of the Manchester plan. The idea is by no means original with the Ford Motor Company of Detroit. It may be, however, that the plan has never been tried on as large a scale as proposed by Mr Ford. Let us therefore consider it.

According to the officials of the company, no fund is set aside for use in the sharing of profits. At the beginning of each year a forecast of market conditions is to be made, and on that estimate will be based the amount to be disbursed. The profits of the company for the year 1914 have been estimated at \$10,000,000 dollars, and this sum is to be distributed among the employes in semi-monthly shares.

It is unnecessary to speculate on the intentions of the initiators of the Ford plan. Whatever they be—and we are willing to admit their sincerity—it is rather the practical workings and effects of the profit-sharing scheme that are of chief interest.

What, then, is the significance of this new American edition of the Manchester plan?

So far as the workers directly employed in the Ford motor factories are concerned, their wages will be automatically increased, according to the profit-sharing scheme, on the basis of a \$5.00 minimum remuneration for an 8-hour day. The increases will be scaled according to the ability, general efficiency and the need of the employes. For that purpose, we are informed by the company, a sociological department has been created, which will make a careful investigation of the work, habits and living conditions of each employe. The officials of the company will pass upon those found deserving to participate in the profit-sharing.

In other words, the company and its officials will play the benevolent government to their employes, and act as moral censors of the life and habits of their workers. There is no need of enlarging on the quality of the worker to be rewarded by the master with a share in the profits.

Be the company's intentions ever so benevolent, the direct effect of the Ford plan will be to stifle every spark of manly independence in the potential beneficiaries of the profit-sharing scheme, and to develop the worst traits of servility, docility and knee-bending eagerness to worship the high-priests of Mammon. It is the pottage that robs the worker of his birthright.

Could such a plan be consistently carried out, on an ever larger scale, till it becomes national and even international, then dissatisfaction among the workers would be almost eliminated, strikes abolished, labor unions made unnecessary, and the Masters of Life forever secured in their stolen wealth by the simple expedient of throwing now and then a meaty bone to their docile slaves. Fortunately, however, this panacea to solve the labor troubles is quite utopian, from the standpoint of political economy as well as because of that divine spark in human nature that will not be satisfied even with gilded chains.

As to political economy, if the Ford plan remains limited to the Ford Motor Company, it can affect only an infinitesimal portion of the workers. That, too, only for a very short time. Facing the competition of other concerns in the motor industry, the Ford company will be forced to improve its product or reduce its selling price, which means the reduction of profit or the lowering of wages.

Should, on the other hand, the motor and other industries accept the Ford plan, the result will be an increase in the cost of living proportionate to the increased scale of wages.

And there you are! There is no escaping the iron wall of wage slavery by the mere manipulation of figures in the social bookkeeping. You can't eat your cake and have it. The worker can't fatten on the master's gluttony. You can't stifle labor's discontent with a few crumbs off the table of life. You can't dam the rising tide of

proletarian emancipation by the cheap makeshift of tawdry profit-sharing. It is not a share in the master's stolen profits that the worker wants. He demands the abolition of the whole scheme of profit by theft; he demands the unconditional surrender of all the wealth stolen from the workers; he demands the full product of his labor and the return of the earth and the fulness thereof to the people; and he will fight to achieve it.



TOM MANN

BY BEN L. REITMAN, M.D.

IT is not always wise to become intimately acquainted with "the leaders" of the labor movement. It is sometimes better to admire the agitators from afar off. Tom Mann is one of the happy exceptions.

Ever since I have been associated with Emma Goldman, I have been hearing about the wonderful Tom Mann. And during the recent English strikes I read a great deal about him. And when he came to America I was privileged to see much of him. He is a cockey little Englishman, fifty-four years old, with a tremendous amount of life, enthusiasm and joviality. His handshake insures earnestness. A ten-minute conversation invites confidence. And listening to him one hour convinces you that he is the biggest man in the labor movement to-day.

He spent twenty weeks in America and had about a hundred meetings. He had a few rousing successes, but most of his meetings were only fair, because the cards were stacked against him. The A. F. of L. was bitterly opposed to him. Sam Gompers came out in the *Federationist* with a nasty attack on him. The Socialist party boycotted and misrepresented him because he had outgrown parliamentarism and refused to advise his hearers to vote the Socialist ticket. Most of the I. W. W. were opposed to him and refused to help his meetings, because he did not put his O. K. on the I. W. W. and would not condemn the A. F. of L.

But the thousands who heard him loved him, and were inspired by his wonderful plea for solidarity.

I heard about a dozen of his lectures, and had a num-

ber of personal talks with him; and I think I know what he is driving at. He is first and foremost a trade-unionist in its largest aspects. He calls himself a "Syndicalist," not an Anarchist, nor a Socialist, nor an Industrial Worker. He believes in industrial unionism, but not in the American I. W. W. He visited the last convention of the I. W. W. in Chicago, met many of the I. W. W. active workers and, outside of Bill Haywood, refused to get enthusiastic about them. He does not believe that the I. W. W. has a future as an organization, but he does believe that it will be a tremendous factor in revolutionizing the A. F. of L. He is of the opinion that the A. F. of L., in spite of all obstacles, will soon become a revolutionary organization built on the lines of syndicalism and industrial unionism.

Mann has great faith in the A. F. of L. He urges his hearers to join that body and to bore from within, and quotes a great many statistics to show that the boring from within in the English labor movement has made that old and rankly conservative body one of the most militant labor movements in the world.

Tom Mann is not a Socialist in the political sense and does not believe in "capturing the State." In his debate with Boudin he said, "The rotten old State isn't worth capturing." Mann has worked with the English, Continental and Australian Socialists for years, and believes that the effort which the Socialist and other Labor Parties exert in trying to get representation, is worse than wasted. In working for the ballot they forget how to fight. He does not believe that revolutionists can use one arm to vote and the other arm to fight with militant methods.

If Mann is not an Anarchist, (and he never said he was), he believes everything the Anarchist does, only worse. He is opposed to political action, to the State, to the Church, to private property, to all institutions that bind and fetter men. He believes and is working for the Co-operative movement which is so strong in England and Scotland. In America we see and hear less of the Co-operative movement. Mann assures us that a conscious militant working class can never establish a free society without a voluntary co-operative movement. Here I want to remind our readers what I quoted

in MOTHER EARTH after my return from England: "The English working class are the only ones who are ready to establish a decent society after capitalism has failed, because they are acquainted with the Co-operative Movement."

In all of the reports of the Tom Mann meetings which I have seen, as far as I know no one has pointed out Tom Mann as a champion of the Co-operative movement, and he places as much stress upon building up Co-operative societies as he does upon industrial solidarity. Some day we hope to publish in the pages of MOTHER EARTH an article on the Co-operative movement, from the pen of Tom Mann.

Mann sailed for England late in December, confident that the Social Revolution was not far off, and that its earliest active expression would be seen in England, then on the Continent, and still later in America. This I do not agree with. I think if Mann could have spent as much time in the West as he did in the East, he would have seen that the revolution is not far off in America. Tom Mann's American visit was a great blessing to many, in that it showed us that in Australia, in France, in England, in America all of the intelligent rebels are agreed that capitalism must be overthrown by industrial solidarity.



THE CONFESSION OF A CONVICT

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

(The 19th of December, 1913, was "confession evening" at the "Twilight Club," New York, among whose members are the "best" people, supreme court judges, and other pillars of society. "Confessions" were made by a drunkard, a dope fiend, an actress, a labor agitator, a convict, etc., some of whom spoke in complete darkness, to hide their identity.)

THIS is an evening of confession, and I therefore at once confess myself a law-breaker, a criminal—if you will—and a convict.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg your kind indulgence, for the convict's manner is uncouth, his speech ragged, his thoughts indecently naked. For only the convict, the outcast from the fold of commonplace

respectability and dull conformity, can afford the luxury of frank, honest expression. And I shall be honest with you—not only because of my lack of respect for that which is respected by the general consensus of stupidity, but rather because I hold in high respect my fellow convicts the world over, and—myself.

And I make my confession, not in the protecting shadow of cowardly darkness, but in the full glare of the challenging light that defies all sham and hypocrisy, however generally revered, and that is neither afraid nor ashamed of anything that is human.

And the convict, the criminal, Ladies and Gentleman, is human. So human, indeed, that one of your great ethical teachers was compelled to cry out: "I have within me the capacity for every crime." Nor do I believe that Emerson merely said this in an abandonment of generosity, with the desire of uttering something great and levelling. I think he meant exactly what he said. For I believe that "within every bit of human flesh and spirit that has ever crossed the enigma bridge of life, from the prehistoric racial morning until now, all crime and all virtue were germinal." Out of the same stuff are we sprung, you and I and all of us, and if perchance in you the virtue has grown and not the vice, do not therefore conclude that you are essentially different from him whom you have helped to put in stripes and behind bars. Your balance may be more even, you may be mixed in smaller proportions, or the outside temptation has not come upon you.

But has the virtue really grown in you, and not the vice? If the most respected and righteous among us, if our holiest and purest and better-than-thou pillars of church and state and society were for once to enter this confessional, in the frank abandon of their naked soul, would there be a single one left to cast the first stone at the criminal and the convict? Would there be any essential difference between the trust magnate and the pick-pocket, except in the size of the booty they have stolen? Would there be any real difference between the great general, or the judges on the criminal bench, and the ordinary murderer, except in the number of their victims? Would there be any difference between the employer of

cheap labor or the Christian proprietor of the large department store, and the despicable creature we know as the cadet, except in the number of girls they have forced into prostitution?

And whose crime is the greater—that of the man who steals my pocketbook or that of respected captains of industry—of Lawrence or Paterson, for instance—who weave the very flesh and blood of their starving slaves into the luxury and license of the master's life?

Who is the real criminal, Ladies and Gentlemen? Is it the starveling who occasionally steals a loaf of bread or burglarizes my house, or is it he who is the eternal vampire on the body of labor, forever feeding on the bone and marrow of the worker, exploiting and oppressing him, always keeping him on the verge of starvation that he may exercise his benevolent charity upon him, and ultimately degrading him to the lowest depths.

Thus is society organized, you will say. Yes, thus: that a handful of the masters of life vampire upon the whole people. And therefore I indict modern society, this unholy union of authority and capital; I indict society as the greatest—aye, the only Criminal, the great universal crime that breeds and feeds the swamp of our whole social life with all its misery and degradation, all its evil and minor crimes.

For what is ordinarily called crime is but starvation. Ninety per cent. of all lawbreaking is of an economic nature. But it is not lawbreaking that makes the criminal. For as Oscar Wilde aptly said, "You may keep the law, and yet be worthless. You may break the law and yet be fine." It is starvation that fills our prisons. It is our wrong and unjust economic conditions that are the source of fully nine-tenths of all crime. And as to the other tenth,—though a crime may not be against property, it may spring from misery and rage and depression produced by our perverted social conditions. Jealousy, itself, an extraordinary source of crime in modern life, is an emotion closely bound up with our conceptions of property. Abolish private property and the social robbery it involves, and you will have abolished the chief fountain head of all crime and of the spirit that generates it in human society.

And now, as to the criminal in our prisons and penitentiaries. Why, do you know, he is not to be found there. There you will indeed find men convicted of offences against the law; but the real, bigger criminals,—they are the large fish that break through the net of the law which is built to catch only the little fry.

The species "criminal" is a fiction of uncritical prejudice that deals only with theories, with imaginary abnormalities and aberrations. Through the obscure spectacles of preconceived notion and stubborn narrow-mindedness, men of the Lombroso stamp see only the "criminal species," entirely blind to the conception of crime as a *social* phenomenon; blind to the fact that the criminal, as an individual, is the unit of the larger species of Man. The so-called criminal is not a little drop outside the ocean of life. He is one of us; his crime but the feverish pulse-beat of our sick social body.

The theory of the criminal species is at best but a cheap salve for the guilty social conscience. I suspect that if a good many respectable, decent, never-did-a-wrong-thing-in-their-lives people were to undergo the measurement test offered to the so-called "born criminal," malformed ears and disproportionately long thumbs would be equally found among them, if they took the precaution to represent themselves as criminals first.

I speak from experience. In my close association with criminals during fourteen years, in daily and hourly contact, not as an outsider, but as an equal—I have come to know a great number of criminals and convicts; to know them well and intimately. When I first came in touch with them, I entertained the idea of the criminal type, the species "criminal," a classification very much beloved by our prison reformists and Lombrosian criminologists. But closer contact and better understanding dispelled the fiction of the species and revealed the *man, the individual*, behind the convict.

There is no criminal type. In fact, the so-called criminal and convict is far more individualized, far more of a distinct personality than the average stupid citizen. He possesses a certain amount of initiative, considerable daring and independence of thought and action—traits which, you will agree with me, are not the common earmarks of

the average man. I have found no criminal type, but what I did find is that there are two classes of victims,—the accidental and the professional. The accidental victim is the criminal by accident, one who has committed a crime as a result of some unusual combination of circumstances. The professional, on the other hand, is the one who follows crime as the ordinary pursuit of his life, similarly as the business man follows his profession of stealing an honest living.

The line between these two classes is not drawn sharply, nor is it a definite one. Very often the accidental victim, because of his prison experiences and all it involves, is forced into the ranks of the professional. Now, what happens to the men who get into prison? What do we do to them? Do we try to call out their better nature by humane and kind treatment? Oh, no! My time is too limited to permit me to dwell on this matter, but everyone even slightly familiar with conditions in our penal institutions is aware that the whole system is built on the principle of revenge, of brutal humiliation and barbarous punishment. I need only refer to the blackjack, the dungeon, the bullring, the water cure, to give you an idea of the spirit dominant in those institutions. And no wonder. For the prison in the last analysis is the mirror of society at large, the perfect model of our social arrangement whose cornerstone is hypocrisy, deceit, oppression and brutal injustice. Punishment is degrading, even more to the one wielding the whip than to his victim. The history of crime clearly demonstrates that the more punishment is inflicted, the more crime is produced. And after you have tortured the poor convict for several years, degraded him to the lowest, broken him in body and spirit, you turn him out into a cold world without money or friends, and with the stigma of "convict" burned into his very soul. And having embittered and demoralized him to the verge of desperation, you demand that he become a good and useful citizen.

Is it any wonder, then, that your prisons have proved to be veritable hot-houses of crime—for what is the ex-convict to do, with every one an Ishmael against him?

Your good police and detective departments will see to it that the ex-convict shall get no show. He will be

speedily arrested on one pretext or another, and a kind Christian judge will decree that he be put away for a long term of years, for is it not his second offence?

Let us be done with all this sham and hypocrisy. Let us admit once for all that crime is *social*; that our wrong economic conditions, by enriching the few at the cost of the many, are the true and only sources of crime. And let us emancipate ourselves from the stupid notion that the criminal is a being different or apart from the rest of us. There is no need of holding up our skirts that he may not contaminate us. Indeed it is we who contaminate the criminal; it is we, society at large, that are guilty of far greater and more terrible crimes against the criminal than he has ever committed against us. In justice to him, and to ourselves, primarily, let us be honest and brave enough to look the facts in the face; and if we are sincere in this matter, if we really and truly want to do away with the criminal and the convict, let us eradicate the causes of crime, rather than try hypocritically to patch up and hide our social sores.

And the first step in reforming the criminal is to reform *ourselves*, for he is our brother, of the same blood and flesh. A more enlightened social attitude toward crime and criminals will serve to humanize, to some extent, our penal institutions, and will inject a little of the milk of kindness into the bitter cup of the convict. And the next step is to treat the cause instead of the effect. When you cease to justify and maintain present conditions of capitalistic exploitation and governmental oppression, and all other institutions based upon man's inhumanity to man, when honest men will realize their solidarity with the aspirations of labor for complete emancipation from all bondage, when MAN will at last awaken from his nightmare of private ownership, of punishment and authority, then will crime and criminals forever disappear and make this earth fit for decent men and women to live in.

FREE COMMUNISM—Voluntary economic co-operation of all towards the needs of each. A social arrangement based on the principle: To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability.

GERHART HAUPTMANN AND HIS DRAMATIC WORKS

BY MAX BAGINSKI.

SINCE twenty years Gerhart Hauptmann is the dramatic genius of modern Germany, the Germany after the Franco-Prussian War. Many of the Young-German dramatists and poets, who, like Hauptmann, had begun their literary work in the 90's, have fallen by the wayside. Some of them, indeed, still have a story to relate; but to say something vital, to voice the depth of the human heart, that—outside of Gerhart Hauptmann—has been given to very few of them. His personality and art are very far from being exhausted. This was again proven by "Emanuel Quint: The Fool in Christ"—by the way, a novel, not a drama—in which work the intimate touch of Hauptmann's descriptive power, the maturity of his observation and psychologic analysis, and the tender sweetness of his nature find their purest expression. Hauptmann does not preach. He brings before us the tragic play of life in the *milieu* and characters, with a power so real and vital, with an effect so direct and gripping as no mere preaching could accomplish.

One of the main reasons why so much time was allowed to pass before the complete works of Hauptmann* have finally been rendered in English translation for the American reader, is perhaps to be found in the circumstance that Hauptmann offers no ready-made solution of the "burning questions" of the day. What appears on the American stage as drama is not much more than a dramatic-journalistic doctoring of police reports and newspaper stories, in which the great vital problems are treated as so many schemes for which one can find the adequate panacea in the department drug stores of the theatrical managers.

To this stage even Ibsen and Strindberg may gain readier admittance than Hauptmann. Not that they are less sincere or powerful. By no means. But because they often work with striking antitheses, which are en-

*So far the first four volumes have appeared in English translation. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. To be had through MOTHER EARTH.

tirely eschewed by the art of Hauptmann. The latter offers more than problems and solutions; he gives pulsating life, immediate and direct. The men and women in his dramas seldom have a ringing message to proclaim; but they are realities; we feel them as living and breathing among us.

Human relations and struggles, the conflicts between the individual and the social milieu, have rarely been described in modern literature, whether in drama or novel, with the sure and fine hand of a Hauptmann. Especially is he the dramatic analyst of the conflicts that rage unspoken in the innermost soul, rather than of the open struggles that find a readier voice.

The first works of Hauptmann, in which the new social conscience comes to strongest expression, belong to the period when Socialism was at its highest tide in Germany. By this is meant the Socialism of the time when it represented an all-embracing philosophy of liberty; when it was not a mere label of a political party whose chief pride consists in the number of voters it can decoy with cheap schemes of petty political reforms. It was a period of intense enthusiasm, of great hopes and expectations. All social and moral relations of life seemed to be on the point of a radical revaluation. Old prejudices and superstitions appeared to have been weakened to such an extent that it required only one more step, one more blow, to clear them out of the way, to make room for the enchanting palace of the future. In Germany there was, indeed, at that time something rarely found anywhere—a really ideal, spiritual communion between literature and art and the struggling proletariat. The portals of knowledge, of the understanding and appreciation of art and good literature, were opened wide to all. Bruno Wille, together with others, founded the People's Free Stage, where the ablest actors presented to crowded audiences of workers the best and most revolutionary dramas of the time. The proletarians gained much from it; but the young writers, literary men, and critics also received and learned a great deal from this contact with the proletarians. Most of them later estranged themselves from the people, and sought the fleshpots of the *bourgeoisie*. But the period of their highest enthusiasm and finest aspiration falls within the

time when they were fired by the noble ambition to give artistic expression to the suffering, ideals, and struggles of the people. Hauptmann has also felt the breath of this inspiring atmosphere, as is evident in many of his works. Never a partisan of any political creed or movement, he has always remained true to the spirit of the people and to the original inspiration which earned fame for his first labors.

* * *

The first volume of Gerhart Hauptmann's dramatic works begins with "Before Dawn." This work was the author's first great dramatic effort. It created a tremendous storm at its first performance in Berlin. With one stroke it broke through the false sentiment, the sleepy hypocritical romanticism of the German literature of the time.

In Gerhart Hauptmann, Germany had at last found a man worthy to take his place at the side of the great Norwegians, Ibsen, Barborg, Bjornson, of the Swede Strindberg, and of the great writers of Russia and France. It was Hauptmann who had again won the German stage for the people, in their true, unadorned reality. But what was mostly counted against him was that he brought before the footlights social ideas and deep social fellow-feeling with the sufferings of the people. Not mere intellectual sympathy, but a genuine social understanding that reaches to the very depths of the soul, that enrages and infuriates and destroys self-satisfied peace.

It was this sensitive social conscience of Gerhart Hauptmann that literary critics sought to weave into a rope with which to strangle him. They prophesied that he would become the dramatist of the gutter, of the degraded and criminal. But when success crowned Hauptmann's work, they quickly turned about and with much praise and eulogy proclaimed the very contrary opinion.

Following "Before Dawn," appeared in succession several other of Hauptmann's social dramas, "The Weavers," "Hannele," "The Beaver Coat," "Conflagration," "Drayman Henschel," "Rose Bernd," and "The Rats." A further drama, "Florian Geyer," dealing with the peasant war during the Reformation, and which, it is

said, failed of success on the stage, is yet one of the best works of Hauptmann.

In "The Weavers" is portrayed the utter misery and desperate poverty of the workers of Silesia. The action takes place in 1844. Modern industrialism had not yet then developed; notwithstanding, however, "The Weavers" is the most powerful social drama in modern German literature.

During Hauptmann's visit to the United States, about twenty years ago, arrangements were made for the production of "Hannele" in a New York theater. The notorious Gerry Society, whose main object is to violate unfortunate parents and to pester and shamefully exploit poor children, used the occasion to play the guardians of morality. The agents of the Society objected to the performance on the ground that the girl who was to play "Hannele" had not reached the age prescribed by law for the protection of children employed on the stage. The irony of it! For as a matter of fact, the play of "Hannele" contains more sympathy and understanding for the poor children of the people than the Gerry Society has ever shown in all its history, or ever will be able to show. It is the drama of a poor young girl at the critical period between childhood and puberty, who under the whip of hunger and abuse is doomed to a life barren of all affection and love. She is finally driven to death, and her last feverish hallucinations are of peace, sympathy and beauty—dreams that some day may come true for the men and women that now drag out their lives in wretched slavery.

From out of the darkness of space
A greeting we bring;
A message of love and of grace
We bear on our wings.

It is not within the scope of this article to give a review of the various dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann. Besides those already mentioned, there are a number of others in which the social *milieu* is not so pronounced, the plays emphasizing rather the pains and conflicts of the individual. "Lonely Lives," "Reconciliation," "Colleague Crampton," "Sunken Bell," "Michael

Kramer," "Henry of Aue," "Pippa Dances"—which list by no means completes all the dramatic works of Hauptmann.

We hope that the great and vital art of Gerhart Hauptmann will find better appreciation in America through the publication of his works in the English language. Those who bring to the performance or to the reading of his works the right spirit, will find therein rich treasures.



THE REVOLUTIONARY ALMANAC

THE publication of a revolutionary almanac is, in a certain sense, an event in the militant movement of America. Yearly almanacs, giving a general review of the past twelvemonth in the revolutionary movement, have for many years appeared regularly in various countries, notably in France, Austria, and Italy. But till now no similar publication had been issued in the English language, and we therefore welcome the appearance in America of the first Revolutionary Almanac.

The Almanac, published by the Rabelais Press, New York, and edited by H. Havel, is tastefully gotten up, and contains a number of articles and many appropriate illustrations. We advise every one interested in radical thought to secure a copy of the Revolutionary Almanac, though we are frank to confess that we had hoped that the new publication would contain some original contributions on the ideas and activities of the revolutionary movement, instead of reprints familiar to most readers of modern literature and radical magazines.

The Almanac retails at 50c per copy, and can be had through MOTHER EARTH. A. B.

A HINT to the wise: Don't postpone to renew your expired subscription. And ask for a copy of our new Catalogue, in which you will find listed a number of new books on Anarchism and the Modern Drama. They will interest you.

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